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THE VIA DOLOROSA OF ART

WHITE MALES

WHITE stallions dashed by.
I could see their teeth gleaming
Through their lips as they sneered
With death-laughter upon them.
Light poured in silver
Off their arched necks.
But there was blood upon their flanks,
Scarlet trickling upon the white sinews.
The stallions were prancing to death,
Trumpeting defiance with their nostrils.

White Chillingham bulls followed them.
I saw them gore the stallions,
But a wince of pain was across their eyes too.
Sharp horse-hoofs had struck them on the heart.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

They fought with missing heart-beats
To plow on, tearing the soil with polished hoofs.

If they could only reach the forest,
If only to die there!
I could not help them.

I remembered dreams I had had
In which white mastodons trampled the plains,
Seeking to reach the forest before death.
And white Irish stags, ten men high,
With antlers that were giant trees with white bark,
Had stumbled under the weight of their own bulk.
A wince was across all their eyes—
But a smile, a never-mind tenderness.
Perhaps they were sure of coming into the purity
Because of their whiteness.

I knew why they were white:
They were my dreams—all frozen,
And all white with the frost upon them,
And white with the frost all through them.
They were frozen thwarted male things
Rushing somewhere—
Seeking, fighting, and killing;
But white—say that of them.
The steam off their quivering flanks,
Sweated and weak with exhaustion, was white.
They would never find mates

Robert McAlmon

Before they died.
There would be no more white males,
None so clear a white as these;
Only some tinged with gray—dusty.
But I could not watch them rush to the forest forever—
Not one did I see arrive there—
A cloud or night or blackness always intervened.
I saw them rush forward and disappear,
And then saw no more of them.

TODAY'S MUSIC

His being started with decision,
Quick as a pair of highstrung horses given the rein,
When the orchestra's music danced
With his impalpable sensual images.
It was wine-steam to drunken him—
Heavy, rhythmic, plucked gold petals of music,
Floating with sonorous etherealism about him.

He could not wait when it had ceased:
More could be heard on other nights.
Out to walk with his head amongst the stars,
With the sky standing straight before him,
He went, breathing the poignant night, drugged,
Knowing the moon was a diadem for his head.
And the slow sensuous ecstasies
Of music that his mind could not quite catch . . .
Only he was living . . . music . . .